



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07486112 5



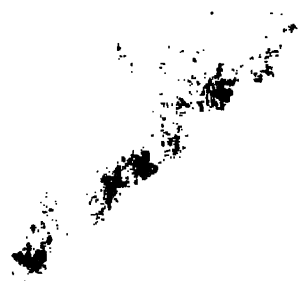
121





Sarah Griffith-





.

.

3





REV L.

1842
726
5

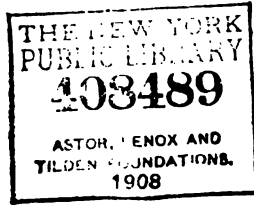
ELEGY
WRITTEN IN
A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THOMAS GRAY.



WITH THIRTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS, ENGRAVED ON WOOD,
BY E. S. GILBERT.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN W. MOORE, 133 CHESTNUT ST.
MDCCLXIV.



NEW YORK
JUN 21 1894
YASRU

PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY JOHN C. CLARK,
60 DOCK ST.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

THIS

ILLUSTRATED EDITION

OF
GRAY'S ELEGY
DEDICATED

WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT.

2024
2024
2024

ILLUSTRATIONS.

ENGRAVED BY R. S. GILBERT, PHILADELPHIA.

STANZAS.	PAINTERS.	STANZAS.	PAINTERS.
1. ... G. BARRET.		17. ... A. COOPER, R. A.	
2. ... COPLEY FIELDING.		18. ... W. MULREADY, R. A.	
3. ... J. CONSTABLE, R. A.		19. ... J. W. WRIGHT.	
4. ... G. CATTERMOLLE.		20. ... CHARLES LANDSEER.	
5. ... J. CONSTABLE, R. A.		21. ... J. J. CHALON, A. R. A.	
6. ... T. STOTHARD, R. A.		22. ... H. HOWARD, R. A.	
7. ... P. DEWINT.		23. ... R. WESTALL, R. A.	
8. ... W. BOXALL.		24. ... J. W. WRIGHT.	
9. ... S. A. HART, A. R. A.		25. ... COPLEY FIELDING.	
10. ... G. CATTERMOLLE.		26. ... G. BARRET.	
11. ... J. CONSTABLE, R. A.		27. ... THALES FIELDING.	
12. ... THOMAS LANDSEER.		28. ... C. R. STANLEY.	
13. ... FRANK HOWARD.		29. ... W. COLLINS, R. A.	
14. ... W. WESTALL, A. R. A.		30. ... FRANK HOWARD.	
15. ... A. W. CALLCOTT, R. A.		31. ... H. HOWARD, R. A.	
16. ... J. H. NIXON.		32. ... S. A. HART, A. R. A.	

The vignette on the title-page is a view of Stoke-Poges church, Buckinghamshire, the church-yard of which is the scene of this celebrated poem, and near which is a monument erected to the memory of Gray by the late John Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park. The drawing, by John Constable, Esq., R.A., has been kindly offered to the editor since the publication of the former edition, and is in the possession of Samuel Rogers, Esq.

The tomb of the Poet is at the south-east corner of the chancel, near that of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus.

THE great improvement that has taken place, within a few years, in the art of Engraving on Wood, as well as its general adoption, in some measure superseding the use of Copper and Steel, led to the present attempt to apply this mode of embellishment to a Poem of such general and deserved celebrity, and which appeared to afford the greatest scope for the talents of the artist.

THE ELEGY itself has long been universally acknowledged as one of the most elegant compositions which the English language ever produced.

The following testimony to its great merit is not, perhaps, generally known, and will not here be inappropriately introduced.

General Wolfe received a copy on the eve of the assault on Quebec; he was so struck with its beauty, that he is said to have exclaimed, that he would have preferred being its author, to that of being the victor in the projected attack in which he so gloriously lost his life.

The favour with which this edition may be received, will be entirely owing to the talents of the eminent artists who have so kindly seconded the Editor, if he may apply such a word, in his wish to produce a specimen of beautiful and appropriate illustration in this branch of the Fine Arts; and to them he begs to return his sincerest thanks.

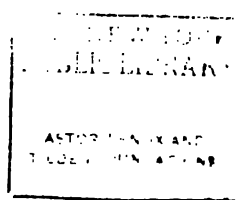
JOHN MARTIN.

LONDON.
Oct. 10th, 1834.



I.

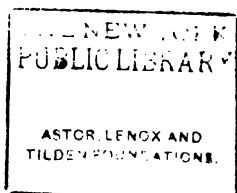
THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.





II.

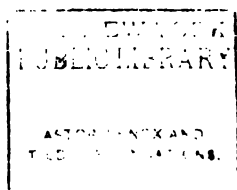
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :





III.

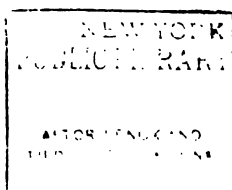
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.





IV.

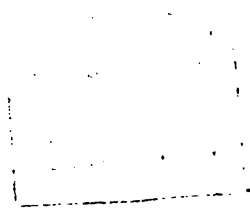
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.





v.

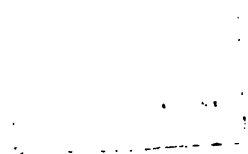
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.





VI.

For them, no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.





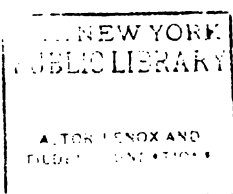
VII.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;

 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;

How jocund did they drive their team a-field !

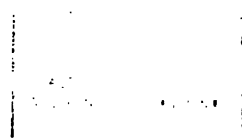
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !





VIII.

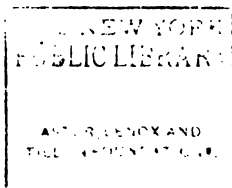
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

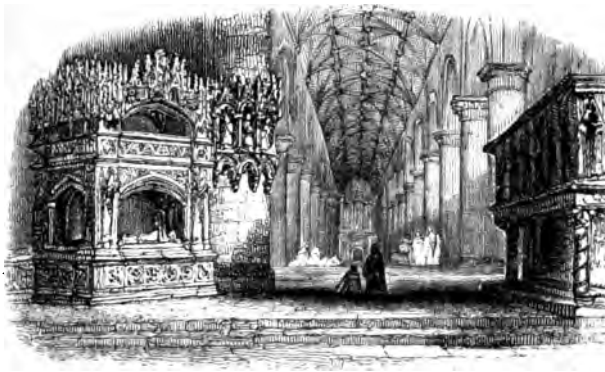




IX.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour ;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.





X.

Nor you, ye proud ! impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise ;
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.



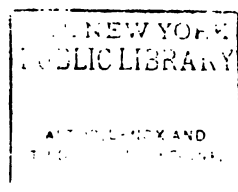
XI.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust ?

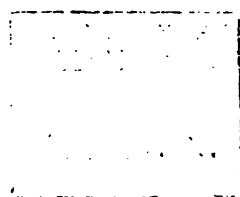
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?





XII.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

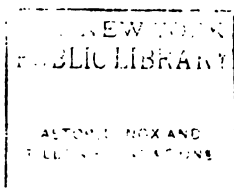


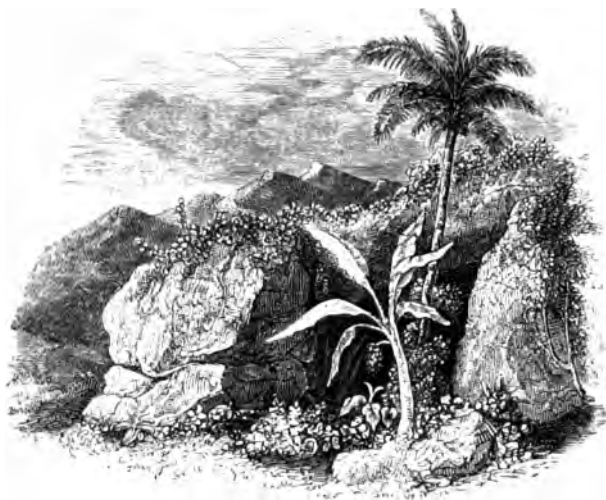


XIII.●

But Knowledge, to their eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

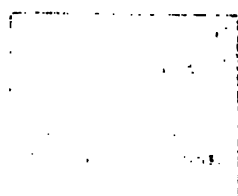
•





XIV.

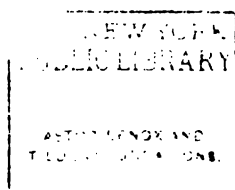
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.





xv.

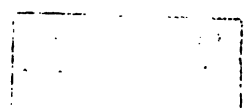
Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.





XVI.

Th' applause of listening senates to command ;
The threats of pain and ruin to despise ;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,





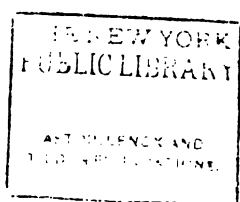
XVII.

Their lot forbid : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.



XVIII.

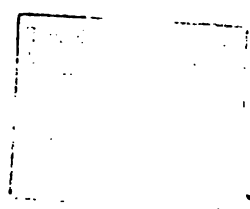
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.





XIX.

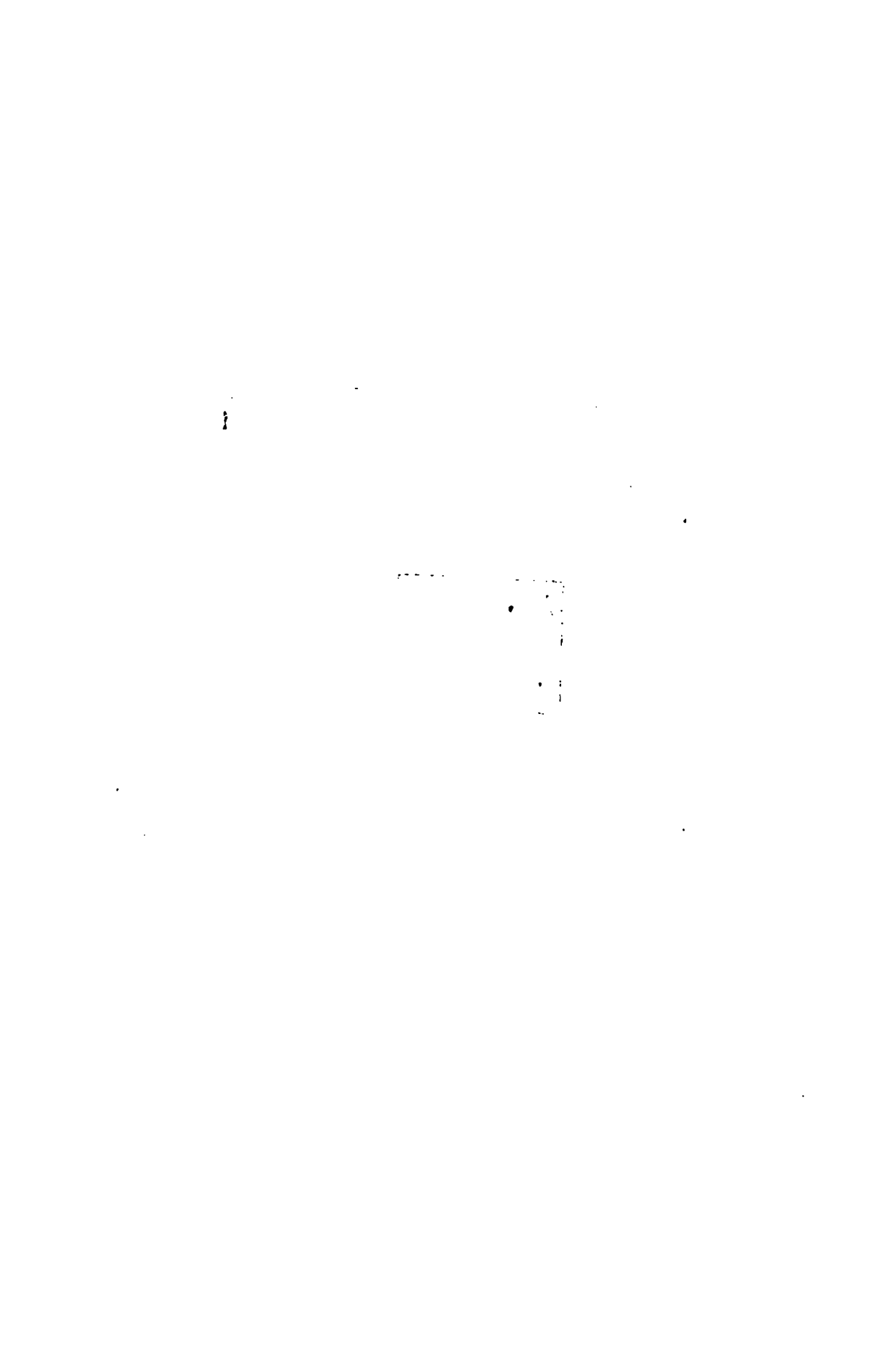
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.





xx.

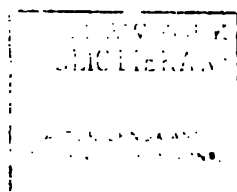
Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.





XXI.

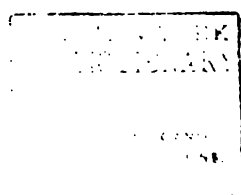
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.





XXII.

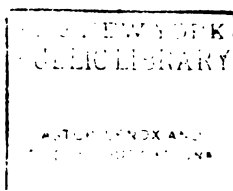
For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd ;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?





XXIII.

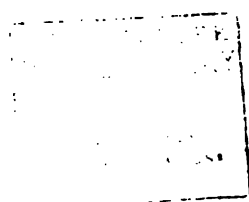
On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.





XXIV.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If 'chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

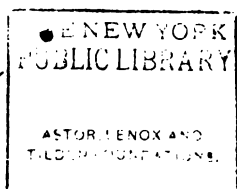




XXV.

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say :

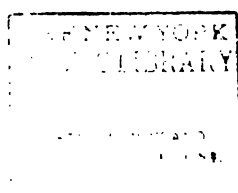
“ Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.





XXVI.

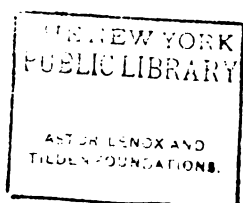
“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length, at noontide, would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.





XXVII.

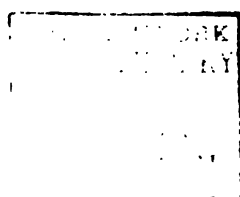
“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.





XXVIII.

“ One morn, I miss’d him on the ’custom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
Another came,—nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he ;





XXIX.

“ The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”





xxx.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.



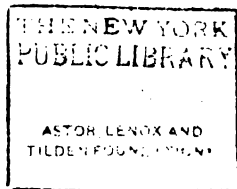
xxxI.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;

Heaven did a recompense as largely send :

He gave to Misery all he had—a tear ;

He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend





XXXII.

No further seek his merits to disclose,

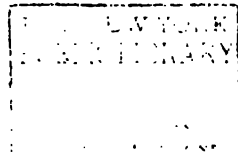
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode :

(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)

The bosom of his Father and his God.

7

7



10-1-19

1

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building

9 1916	
JUN 2 1916	
JUN 3 1916	
JUN 4 1916	
JUN 5 1916	
JUN 6 1916	
JUN 7 1916	
JUN 8 1916	
JUN 9 1916	
JUN 10 1916	
JUN 11 1916	
JUN 12 1916	
JUN 13 1916	
JUN 14 1916	
JUN 15 1916	
JUN 16 1916	
JUN 17 1916	
JUN 18 1916	
JUN 19 1916	
JUN 20 1916	
JUN 21 1916	
JUN 22 1916	
JUN 23 1916	
JUN 24 1916	
JUN 25 1916	
JUN 26 1916	
JUN 27 1916	
JUN 28 1916	
JUN 29 1916	
JUN 30 1916	

Form 419



